

"So, once more the colonel set out; not debonaire any more, but gallant always; with a song on his lips, though his clothes were worn and ragged and he was sore and stiff from much futile serving of Mammon.

"He found gold! That's epitaph enough for any man. Down on the banks of the Clearwater, right where the squaw had directed him, he found gold. The ball of fire had gone forever, the immense diamond had melted away like an imitation pearl in hot water, but there was pay gravel, yellow and shining, and Colonel Pierce took off his hat and thanked God, in that profanely reverent way the prospectors of yesterday had.

"That's the story; sequels are always prosaic and chock full of statistics with 'Noah begat Shem' and all that sort of stuff. Gold begat gold in those days and the colonel could no more keep his discovery to himself than I could have kept my finding of pure gold tonight from you before I lay down to sleep.

"Only, you see, I'm prospector, promoter and sole owner all in one, but with Colonel Pierce it was a case of 'there are others.'

"The colonel's squaw told her people and the old chief stood by the new son-in-law like a white gentleman, but they couldn't hold the newcomers back and on the men rushed, fighting crazy for 'color.' The colonel staked out a few millions and was content. Pierce City and Oro Fino sprang up and the news went around the world.

"See, here's what Bancroft said of it and he knew what he was talking about."

Fajamma-ed, the foreman crossed over to the meagerly equipped bookshelves, with their half dozen Kiplings, an equal number of Stevensons, and a scattering of "Rutaiyat," "Kasidah," "Les Miserables," and two Bancrofts.

"It was no uncommon thing," he read, "to see on entering a miner's cabin a gold washing pan measuring eight quarts full to the brim or half filled with gold dust washed out in one or two weeks. All manner of vessels, such as oyster

cans and yeast-powder boxes or pickle boxes, were in demand in which to store the precious dust."

"That's how gold came to be found in Idaho; first the rockers; then the hydraulic; then the quartz crushers and millions upon millions as the years passed; till silver and lead and copper put gold to the bad. The diamond did it and it was phony and no man ever saw it, save a couple of Nez Perce bucks, and they don't count, for they're running yet, in the happy hunting grounds, chasing the souls of buffalo."

The light went out and all was still and dark. But in a nearby cabin, by the feeble glow of a candle, She sat and turned the newly acquired ring in her hand that every movement might bring a new glory; for her diamond was genuine and meant happiness for all time to come; but the \$100,000,000 phony diamond had brought misery and heartburning and even death, for such is the story of gold.

## From An Upper Window

By Charles A. Hartley

(Continued From Page Eight)

old cashier himself.

"As I looked into the safe I was stunned at the sight of the great amount of money within my grasp—or rather the grasp of the man in the story, where I continued to live and dwell. I was still looking at the money, so fascinated and elated at my success that I could scarcely hear or move a muscle, when a muscular hand was clapped over my eyes and another grasped my throat so tightly that I could scarcely breathe, much less cry out. I was jerked backwards and lay on the flat of my back. My captor then bound my eyes with a handkerchief, gagged me and trussed me up, at the same time hissing into my ears: 'One move or sound and you die. You have been caught in the act and deserve it!'

"He then went toward the safe, where I could hear him fumbling about for a long time. Then the safe closed with a heavy, muffled sound, and I could hear the rattle of the combination as he threw on the lock. The vault was treated in like manner. I must have swooned then, for the next I knew I was in a dark alley and my captor was bending over me in the darkness. He told me in a stage whisper that I had been caught in the very act of robbing the bank and should go to the penitentiary for a long term of years, but that he had dragged me away and that I had not actually committed the crime, and that if I would agree to leave town that night, never to come back and never to make my whereabouts known, he would release me then and there. I agreed to do so, and was left lying on the flat of my back with my eyes still bound. I had not the least idea who my captor was. The next morning I was far on my way toward the west.

"The letter which brought me the information

that you were on my trail also gave me the first information of the unjust punishment of the old cashier. I had had letters before, but somehow that phase of the case had never been mentioned. There was probably a purpose in keeping me ignorant of the facts. I was on the point on the receipt of that letter of returning to my old home immediately and telling fully and freely what I knew about the matter, for I never can believe that the cashier was guilty of that crime, but on mature consideration I concluded to wait for your coming, and at the proper time tell you the story. You now have the full story. I give it to you without the expectation of mercy, as I now see that I did a very great wrong. It is true that I had no intention of taking the money until the moment I was seized. I might have done so, had I not been molested. As to that I cannot yet say to a certainty. I do know now that I did wrong in leaving, but I do not know who got the money, but I never shall believe it was the cashier unless he so states himself."

A long silence followed this hurried recital. "One little incident I forgot in telling you this tale," came from the darkness, "was the fact that in the first struggle when the man was choking me into insensibility I clutched wildly at anything in reach and somehow got hold of the ends of the fingers of the glove on his left hand. When I recovered my senses in the alley I still clutched the glove in my hand and thrust it into my pocket when I got to my feet. I have kept it ever since, and now give it to you," handing it over in the darkness. "I have always believed that a thug saw me in that bank and turned the tables on me neatly, but I could never harmonize that theory with the fact that he wore such a good glove.

Sometimes away in the night, when alone with strange thoughts and fancies I have heard that maybe the cashier did come back for something and in the excitement of the moment was strong enough to handle, but not strong enough to withstand the temptation before him. Mr. Cross, if you can find the mate to that glove and its owner at the same time the bank was robbed you will find the actual thief."

The detective had been running his fingers lightly over the glove as the young man talked. "Let's go to the cook house where we can make a light," said Mr. Cushman in what appeared to be an agitated tone of voice.

In the dim light in the cook shanty the detective turned the third finger of the glove wrong side out and revealed a wad of cotton filling it to the middle.

"This glove belonged to a man with the third finger of his left hand off at the middle joint," said the detective after a pause. "Tomorrow morning we start back to Wall City to free an innocent man from the penitentiary, and to send the one there who should have gone in the first place."

Three days later when they entered Wall City, Chief of Police Robinson was standing on the street corner smoking. As he flicked the ashes from his cigar with his left hand the absence of its third finger was noted by Cushman. A moment later a determined voice told the chief that he was under arrest and not to make a move. The chief submitted, completely unnerved, and later made a full confession to the effect that he had seen the young man open the safe and took advantage of the situation to secure the money for himself, made partial restitution, and took the place in prison of the liberated cashier.

## How Some "Swell" Make a Living

By B. R. Winslow

HOW some of the so-called "swells" provide themselves with money to keep their precarious place in society is a strange story. A few engage in practices that deserve a pretty hard name. More do work that is honest enough, but peculiar for "swells," and in this list come those who are employed for the purpose of pushing the sale of new articles or surreptitiously to advertise a business. A certain class of articles, such as hair tonics, soaps and perfumes, do not become popular until adopted by some leader of society, and for the purpose of bringing his new perfume to the attention of such a leader, the manufacturer seeks the service of a business agent who has entree into that set. This fashionable "toute" must, by some means of her own choosing, induce the society leader to use the perfume and recommend it. For this service the manufacturer usually pays a fixed sum and sometimes a liberal commission on all sales made to that wing of fashionable society.

The methods adopted by some of these business agents are extremely interesting, and display considerable ingenuity. A lady who no one would suspect of having any business connection appeared at a smart seaside hotel in such stunning gowns that every other woman was filled with envy. After a week or more of daily changes of costumes, she accidentally dropped an envelope where it was sure to be picked up by one of the envious ladies. In the envelope was a bill from her dressmaker, and the prices it showed were so startlingly low for such wonderful dresses that the finding of the bill almost caused a stampede for the little lady's dressmakers, who, of course, employed her to show his gowns and to drop the bill at the psychological moment.

More than one pretty society woman in Eng-

land is indebted to this method of advertising of automobiles soon recognized the value of a pretty chauffeuse as an advertisement for his machine. Besides being an attractive addition to his car she is the constant mark for newspaper cameras and every time her picture is printed in the paper his automobile gets advertising space that he could not buy. He could afford to give some pretty society leader a machine, and as there was the usual secrecy, few would refuse the proffered automobile.

Male members of the "Smart Set" are used as business agents by wine merchants, tobaccoists and manufacturers of articles used by men, and the men are no less ingenious than the women. When a member of a select club calls for a particular brand of wine it may not be because he really prefers that brand to all others, but because he is paid a good commission on every bottle sold. And it is the same with cigars, cigarettes and even mineral waters. To be a successful business agent of this kind requires considerable tact, for a false step is likely to arouse suspicion and, consequently, destroy the agent's usefulness and also destroy his prestige and quite often his social standing.

STILL another class, belonging to society's fringe, strike out for themselves, seeking to turn a penny by the simple means of making people acquainted. They are in reality nothing more than marriage brokers, mostly women, who, upon the payment of a commission, will bring about an introduction between a lady of wealth and titled gentleman of many debts. Of course they do not admit that they are marriage brokers and that the commis-

sion they receive is in reality a brokerage. They merely favor the bankrupt peer by introducing him to a wealthy, unmarried lady, and when he makes her his more or less happy bride, the overjoyed peer simply makes his kind friend a small present of a thousand or two of his wife's dollars.

There is little danger of the impecunious peer forgetting his benefactor after the wedding, for that astute lady of business who brought about the meeting holds certain incriminating papers which she will deliver only upon receipt of the promised commission. These papers consist of letters exchanged during the negotiations leading up to the introduction, in one of which she contrives to have a statement of the amount of commission and for what paid. Few of the marriage brokers have any standing in society themselves, but they are usually so connected that the introduction can always be arranged. By taking all the risks themselves it is not difficult to find a member of standing to bring about the introduction for a share of the commission. After completing negotiations the marriage broker finds a member of the set who will, for a few hundred dollars, invite both parties to a social tea and see that they are properly introduced.

Presentations at court, not so long since, used to be a regular business carried on by a number of ladies who had the entree. To be duly presented at the court of St. James it was then only necessary to pay one of the ladies the sum fixed for that service. This business was broken up a few years ago after a scandal, and the Lord Chamberlain devised new rules which, in a measure, prevent a renewal of the business on such a large scale. The thing is still done, however, but only to a very limited extent and very quietly.